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A BRIEF
ACCOUNT
OF SOME
LETTERS

AND OTHER

Extraordinary Processions

AND

ECCLESIASTICAL ENTERTAINMENTS

Seen last YEAR at LISBON.

In FOUR LETTERS to an *English* Friend.

By GEORGE WHITEFIELD,

Late of PEMBROKE COLLEGE;

And Chaplain to the Right Hon. the Countess of Huntingdon.

THE SECOND EDITION.

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TO THE

READER.

THE following Letters were written about a Twelve-month ago, and are now sent into the World at the earnest Desire of many.---If an infinitely condescending God shall vouchsafe to bless the Perusal of them to excite in any, either at home or abroad, a more obediential and zealous Thankfulness for the Civil and Religious Liberties we enjoy; or make them any way instrumental in stirring up my Fellow Protestants and Dear Countrymen to exert themselves more vigorously, at this critical Juncture, against those who, if Conquerors, would quickly rob us of those invaluable Blessings, I shall not repent that the Publication of them was consented to by, courteous Reader,

Thy willing Servant,

For CHRIST's Sake,

London, May

16, 1755.

G. W.

LETTER I.

Lisbon, March, 1754.

My dear Friend,

BY this time, I suppose, you have heard of my having been at *Lisbon*, and are wondering what led me thither, especially since my last informed you of my Intention to go to *Georgia* by way of *New-York*. This was really my Design at the Time of my writing; but being afterward called by Providence to take with me several Orphan-children, I thought it most adviseable to go and settle them, and my other domestick Affairs, at the Orphan-house first; that I might visit the northern Parts of *America* with more Ease and Freedom in my own Mind.—It happened that the *Success*, Capt. *Thomson*, bound for *Port Royal, South Carolina*, (which is not very far from *Georgia*) was then almost ready to sail.---I sent for the Owner, and finding that the Ship was to touch at *Lisbon* to unload some Wheat, it occasioned a little Demurr: but, upon second

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Thoughts,

Thoughts, believing it might be serviceable to me, as a Preacher and Protestant, to see something of the Superstitions of the Church of *Rome*, I took my Passage and embarked in the *Succefs* the 7th of *March*.—On the 14th we reached *Cape Finister*.—On the 15th came in sight of the *Burlings*; and on the 16th anchored safe before *Bellem*, about four Miles distance from *Lisbon* City, the Metropolis of *Portugal*.—As I knew no body there, and had formed but an indifferent Idea of the Inhabitants, from the Account that had been given me of them, I had purposed within myself to keep on board, and go ashore only now and then in the Daytime.—But Providence so ordered it, that a Gentleman of the Factory, who had heard me himself, and whose Brother had been awakened under my Ministry several Years ago, immediately upon hearing of my Arrival, sent me an Offer of his House during my Stay.—I thankfully accepted it; and special Leave being procured for my going ashore, I was carried in a Chaise and Pair from *Bellem* to *Lisbon*.—A new Scene, both in respect to the Situation of the Place, the Fashion of the Buildings, and the Dress of the Inhabitants, presented itself all the Way.—But what engaged my Attention most, was the Frequency of Crucifixes and little Images of the Virgin *Mary*, and other real or reputed

puted Saints, which were placed almost in every Street, or fixed against the Walls of the Houses almost at every Turning, with Lamps hanging before them.---To these I observed the People bow as they passed along; and near some of them stood several little Companies, singing with great Earnestness.---

This seemed to me very odd, and gave me an Idea of what further Ecclesiastical Curiosities would probably fall in my way, if I should be detained any time here.—These Expectations were quickly raised;—For, not long after my Arrival at my new Lodgings, (where I was received and entertained with great Gentility, Hospitality, and Friendliness) upon looking out of the Window, I saw a Company of Priests and Friars bearing lighted Wax-tapers, and attended by various sorts of People, some of which had Bags and Baskets of Victuals in their Hands, and others carried Provisions upon their Shoulders on Sticks between two. After these followed a mixed Multitude, singing with a very audible Voice, and addressing the Virgin *Mary* in their usual Strain, “*Ora pro nobis.*” In this Manner they proceeded to the Prison, where all was deposited for the Use of the poor Persons confined therein.—But a far more pompous Procession of the like Nature (as a Stand-by informed me) passed by a few Days after.-- In this there were near three hundred Fran-

ciscan Friars, many of which (besides Porters hired for the Purpose) were loaded with a Variety of Food; and those who bore no Burden, carried either Ladles or Spoons in their Hands.—Sights of this Nature being quite a Novelty to me, I was fond of attending as many of them as I could. Two things concurred to make them more frequent at this Juncture, *viz.* the Season of *Lent*, and an excessive Drought, which threatened the total Destruction of the Fruits of the Earth.—For the averting so great a Judgment, and for the imploring the much longed-for Blessing of Rain, daily Processions had been made from one Convent or another for a considerable time.—One of these I saw. It was looked upon as a pretty grand one, being made up of the Carmelite Friars, the Parish Priests, and a great Number of what they call the Brothers of the Order, who walked two by two in divers Habits, holding a long and very large lighted Wax-taper in their right Hands.—Amidst these was carried, upon eight or ten Mens Shoulders, a tall Image of the Virgin *Mary*, in a kind of Man's Attire; for I think she had a very fine white Wig on her Head, (a Dress she often appears in) and was much adorned with Jewels and glittering Stones.—At some Distance from the Lady, under a large Canopy of State, and supported likewise by six or eight Persons,

sons, came a Priest, holding in his Hand some noted Relick.---After him followed several thousands of People, joining with the Friars in singing *Eandem cantilenam*, "*Ora pro nobis*," all the way.---Still Rain was denied, and still Processions were continued.---At length the Clouds began to gather, and the Mercury in the Barometer fell very much.---Then was brought out a wooden Image, which they say never failed, ---It was the Figure of our Blessed Lord, clothed with purple Robes, and crowned with Thorns. I think they call him the LORD OF THE PASSION.---Upon his Shoulders he bore a large Cross, under the Weight of which he was represented as stooping, 'till his Body bent almost double.---He was brought from the *Le Gracs* Convent in very great Pomp, and placed in a large Cathedral Church.---Being on board at that time, I lost this Sight: But the subsequent Evening I beheld the SEIGNEUR fixed on an Eminence in a large Cathedral Church, near the Altar, surrounded with Wax-tapers of a prodigious Size.---He was attended by many Noblemen, and thousands of Spectators of all Ranks and Stations, who crouded from every Quarter, and, in their Turns, were admitted by the Guards to come within the Rails and perform their Devotions.--This they expressed by kneeling, and kissing the SEIGNEUR'S
Heel,

Heel, by putting their left and right Eye to it, and then touching it with their Beads, which a Gentleman in waiting received from them, and then returned again.---This Scene was repeated for three Days successively ; and during all this Time the Church and Space before it was so thronged with Carriages and People, that there was scarce any passing.---The Musick on this Occasion was extremely soft, and the Church was illuminated in a very striking Manner.---The third Day in the Forenoon it rained, and soon after the SEIGNEUR was conducted home in as great Splendour, and much greater Rejoicing, than when he was brought forth.---As my Situation was very commodious, I saw the whole ; and afterwards went and heard Part of the Sermon, which was delivered before him in the Church to which the SEIGNEUR belonged.---The Preacher was full of Action ; and in some Part of his Discourse, (as one who understood *Portuguese* informed me) pointing to the Image, he said, " Now he " is at Rest ---He went out in Justice, but " is returned in Mercy."---And towards the Conclusion he called upon the People to join with him in an extempore Prayer. This they did with great Fervency, which was expressed not only by repeating it aloud, but by beating their Breasts, and clapping their Cheeks, and weeping heartily.---

To

To complete the Solemnity, immediately after the Delivery of the Blessing, all on a sudden, from the Place near which the Image stood, there was heard a most soft and soothing Symphony of Music, which being ended, the Assembly broke up, and I returned to my Lodgings, not a little affected to see so many Thousands led away from the Simplicity of the Gospel, by such a Mixture of human Artifice and blind Superstition, of which indeed I could have formed no Idea, had I not been an Eye-Witness of it myself.---This Concern was still increased by what I heard from some of my fellow Passengers, who informed me, that about eleven one Night, after I came aboard, they not only heard a Friar preaching most fervently before the SEIGNEUR, but also saw several Companies of Penitents brought in, lashing and whipping themselves severely.---How little unlike this to those who cut themselves with Knives and Lancets, and cried out from Morning till Night, "*O Baal, hear us.*"---Methinks I hear you say, and had I been present, I should have wished for the Spirit of an *Elijah* to---Hush, my Friend---I am content to guess at the rest till we meet.---In the mean while, let us meditate on Him who said to his Disciples, when they wanted to call for Fire from Heaven, *Ye know not what*

Spirit ye are of; and let us comfort ourselves with this Thought, that there is a Season approaching, when the Lord God of *Elijah* will himself come, and destroy this and every other Species of Antichrist *by the Breath of his Mouth, and the Brightness of his appearing*, even by the all-conquering Manifestations of his Eternal Spirit.---Whether as Men, Christians, and Protestants, we have not more and more Reason to pray Night and Day for the hastening on of that glorious and long wished-for Period, you will be better able to judge, when I send you (as I purpose to do, if I have Time) a further Account of a *Lent* Procession or two, of which I was also a Spectator.---At present I can only beg a continual Remembrance at a Throne of Grace, as being, my dear Friend,

Yours most respectfully,

In our common Lord,

G. W.

LET-

LETTER II.

Lisbon, March, 1754.

My dear Friend,

THOUGH some other Business demands my Attention, yet I must not forget the Promise made you of a further Account of the Processions I saw at *Lisbon*.—Some of those already mentioned were extraordinary, by reason of their great Drought; but that which is to be the Subject of my present Letter was an annual one; it being always customary at *Lisbon* to exhibit some Procession or another every *Friday* in Lent. ---An intelligent Protestant who stood near me, was so good as to be my Interpreter of the Dumb Shew as it passed along---I say *Dumb Shew*.--For you must know it was chiefly made up of waxen or wooden Images, and carried on Mens Shoulders through the Streets, intending to represent the Life and Death of *St. Francis*, the Founder of one of their religious Orders.---They were brought out from the *Franciscan* Convent, and were preceded by three Persons in scarlet Habits with Baskets in their

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Hands,

Hands, in which they received the Alms of the Spectators, for the Benefit of the poor Prisoners.----After these, came two little Boys in party-colour'd Cloaths, with Wings fixed on their Shoulders, in Imitation of little Angels.---Then appeared the Figure of St. *Francis*, very gay and Beau-like, as he used to be before his Conversion.---In the next, he was introduced under Conviction, and consequently stript of his Finery.--Soon after this was exhibited an Image of our Blessed Lord himself, in a purple Gown with long black Hair, with St. *Francis* lying before him, to receive his immediate Orders.--Then came the Virgin Mother, (*horresco referens*) with Christ her Son at her left Hand, and St. *Francis* making his Obey-sance to both.-----Here, if I remember aright, he made his first Appearance in his Friar's Habit with his Hair cut short, but not as yet shaved in the Crown of his Head.----After a little Space followed a mitred Cardinal, gaudily attired, and before him lay St. *Francis* almost prostrate, in order to be confirmed in his Office.---Soon after this he appears quite metamorphosed into a Monk, his Crown shorn, his Habit black, and his Loins girt with a knotted Cord.---Here he prays to our Saviour hanging on a Cross, that the Marks of the Wounds in his Hands, Feet, and Side, might be impressed

on the same Parts of his Body.---The Prayer is granted; Blood comes from his Hands, Feet, and Side; and the Saint with great Devotion receives the Impressions.---This was represented by red waxen Strings, reaching from those Parts of the Image to the corresponding Parts of St. *Francis* his Body. ---Upon this he begins to do Wonders; and therefore in a little while he was carried along, holding up a House which was just falling.---This Miracle they say was performed (if my Information be true) at *Madrid*, but the Particulars of its History I have forgotten.---At length the Father dies, and is brought forth lying in his Grave.--- But lo! the Briars and Nettles under which he lay, are turned into fine and fragrant Flowers.----After this he is born along upon a Bier covered with a Silver Pall, and four Friars lamenting over him.----He then appears for the last Time, but with an Increase of Power; for he was represented as drawing tormented People out of Purgatory with his knotted Cord, which, as you may well imagine, the poor Souls caught at, and took hold of very eagerly.---At length came a gorgeous Friar under a splendid Canopy, bearing in his Hand a Piece of the Holy Cross.---After him followed two more little winged Boys, and then a long Train of fat and well-favoured *Franciscans* with their

Calceis Penestratis, as *Erasmus* calls them ; and so the Proceſſion ended. Methinks I hear you ſay, it is full Time---And ſo ſay I--- For as the Sight itſelf diſguſted me, ſo I am perſuaded the bare Narration of it, though ever ſo ſhort, cannot be very pleaſant to you, who I know abhor every thing that favours of Superſtition and Idolatry.—We will therefore take our Leave of St. *Francis*, whoſe Proceſſion was in the Day Time ; but I muſt tell you it is only to inform you of another of a much more awful and ſhocking Nature, which I ſaw afterwards by Night.—It was about Ten o’Clock, when being deeply engaged in Converſation with my kind Hoſt, in came an *Engliſhman*, and told me in all Haſte, that he had ſeen a Train of near two hundred Penitents paſſing along, and that in all Probability I might be gratified with the ſame Sight, if I haſtened to a Place where he would conduct me.--- I very readily obeyed the Summons, and, as Curioſity quicked my Pace, we ſoon came up with ſome of thoſe poor Creatures, who were then making a Halt, and kneeling in the Street, whiſt a Friar from a high Croſs, with an Image of our LORD crucified in his Hand, was preaching to them, and the Populace, with great Vehemence. ---Sermon being ended, the Penitents, who had already been preached to, went forwards,

wards, and several Companies followed after with their respective preaching Friars at their Head bearing Crucifixes.---These they pointed to and brandished frequently, and the Hearers as frequently beat their Breasts and clapp'd their Cheeks.---At proper Pauses they stooped and prayed; and one of them, more zealous than the rest, before the King's Palace, sounded out the Word *Penitentia* through a speaking Trumpet.---The Penitents themselves were clothed and covered all over with white linen Vestments, only Holes were made for their Eyes to peep out at.---All were bare-footed, and all had long heavy Chains fastened to their Ancles, which, when dragged along the Street, made a dismal Rattling: But though alike in Dress, yet in other Respects there was great Variety amongst them---For some carried great Stones on their Backs, and others dead Mens Bones and Skulls in their Hands---Some bore large and seemingly very heavy Crosses upon their Shoulders, whilst others had their Arms extended quite wide, or carried a Bow full of Swords with the Points downwards.---Most of them whipped and lashed themselves, some with Cords, and others with flat Bits of Iron.---It being a Moonshine Night, I could see them quite well; and indeed some of them struck so hard, that I perceived that their Backs
(left

(left bare on purpose to be slash'd) were quite red, and swoln very much by the Violence and Repetition of the Blows.— Had my dear Friend been there, he would have joined with me in saying, that the whole Scene was horrible—So horrible, that, being informed it was to be continued 'till Morning, I was glad to return from whence I came, about Midnight.— Had you been with me, I know you would have joined in praising and gratefully adoring the LORD of all Lords, not only for the great Wonder of the Reformation, but also for that glorious Deliverance wrought out for us, in stopping of our late unnatural Rebellion. — Oh with what a mighty Spirit and Power from on high, must *Luther, Calvin, Melancthon, Zuinglius*, and those glorious Reformers, be necessarily endued with, who dared first openly to oppose and stem such a Torrent of Superstition and spiritual Tyranny!--And what Gratitude owe we to Him, who, under GOD, was instrumental in saving us from the Return of such spiritual Slavery, and such blind Obedience to a Papal Power! To have had a Cardinal for our King---A Cardinal, if not born, yet from his Infancy nursed up at *Rome*—A Cardinal, one of whose Sons is advanced to the same Ecclesiastical Dignity, and both under the strongest Obligations to support the Interest

terest of that Church, whose Superstitions, as well as political State Principles, they have suck'd in and imbibed even from their Infancy.---But, blessed be G O D, the Snare is broken, and we are delivered.——Oh for Protestant Practices to be added to PROTESTANT PRINCIPLES!——Oh for an obedi-
 tential Acknowledgment to the ever blessed God for our repeated Deliverances!---But alas! Pardon me, my dear Friend, I stop to weep——Adieu——I cannot enlarge, but leaving you to guess from what Source my Tears flow, I must hasten to subscribe myself,

My dear Sir,

Yours most cordially

In our Blessed Lord.

LET-

L E T T E R III.

*Lisbon, March, 1754.**My dear Friend,*

PROvidence still detains us at *Lisbon*, and therefore I know you will be enquiring what more News from thence?---Truly, as extraordinary as ever--For I have now seen the Solemnities of a *Holy Thursday*, which is a very high Day in this Metropolis, and particularly remarkable for the grand Illuminations of the Churches, and the King's washing twelve poor Mens Feet.---Through the Interest of a Friend I got Admittance into the Gallery where the Ceremony was performed.---It was large, and hung with Tapestry; one Piece of which represented the humble *Jesus* washing the Feet of his Disciples.---Before this, upon a small Eminence, sat twelve Men in black.---At the upper End, and several other Parts of the Gallery, were Sideboards of Gold and Silver large Basons and Ewers most curiously wrought; and near these a large Table covered with a Variety of Dishes, all cold, set off and garnished after the *Portuguese* Fashion.

Fashion.—Publick high Mass being over, his Majesty came in, attended with his Nobles, who seemed to me to look like so many *Roman* Senators.---The very Act of washing their Feet, I did not get in time enough to see; but that being ended, several of the young Noblemen served up the Dishes to the King's Brother and Uncles: These again handed them to his Majesty, who gave (I think) twelve of them in all to each poor Man.---Every thing was carried on with a great deal of Decency and good Humour.---The young Noblemen served very chearfully, their Seniors looked quite pleased, and the King and his royal Relations behaved in a very polite, easy manner.—Upon the whole, though, as you may easily guess, it was not an exact Copy of the Tapestry, yet, as the poor Mens Cloaths and Food, when sold, came to about ten Moidores, and as there was little Mixture of Superstition in it, I cannot say but I was as well pleased with my Morning's Entertainment as with any thing I had met with since my Arrival.—I believe the whole took up near two Hours.---After Dinner we went to see the Churches; but the Magnificence and Sumptuousness of the Furniture, on this Occasion, cannot well be expressed.—Many of them were hung with purple Damask trimmed with Gold.---

In one of them there was a solid silver Altar of several Yards Circumference, and near twelve Steps high : And in another a gold one, still more magnificent, of about the same Dimensions.—Its Basis was studded with many precious Stones, and near the Top were placed silver Images, in Representation of Angels.—Each Step was filled with large silver Candlesticks, with Wax-tapers in them, which, going up by a regular Ascent 'till they formed themselves into a Pyramid, made a most glittering and splendid Blaze.—The great Altars also of the other Churches were illuminated most profusely, and silver Pots of artificial Flowers, with a large Wax-taper between each, were fixed all round several of them.—Between these were large Paintings in black and white, representing the different Parts of our Saviour's Passion.—And, in short, all was so magnificently, so superstitiously grand, that I am persuaded several thousands of Pounds would not defray the Expences of this one Day.—Go which way you would, nothing was to be seen but Illuminations within, and Hurry without.—For all Persons, the Crowned Heads themselves not excepted, are obliged on this Day to visit seven Churches or Altars, in Imitation, as is supposed, of our LORD's being hurried from one Tribunal to another,
before

before he was condemned to be hung upon the Cross.—I saw the Queen pass by in great State to visit three of them.—Velvet Cushions were carried before her Majesty, and Boards laid along the Streets for Herself and Retinue to walk upon.—Guards attended before and behind, and thousands of Spectators stood on each Side to gaze at them as they passed along.—Being desirous of seeing the Manner of their Entrance, we got into the last Church before they came.—It was that of St. *Domingo*, where was the gold Altar before mentioned, and at which her Majesty and Train knelt about a Quarter of an Hour.—All the while the *Dominican* Friars sung most surprisingly sweet.—But as I stood near the Altar, over against the great Door, I must confess my very inmost Soul was struck with a secret Horror, when, upon looking up, I saw, over the Front of the great Window of the Church, the Heads of many hundred *Jews*, painted on Canvas, who had been condemned (by what they call the *Holy Inquisition*) and carried out from that Church to be burnt.—Strange way this, of compelling People to come in!—Such was not thy Method, O meek and compassionate Lamb of God!—Thou camest not to destroy Mens Lives, but to save them.—But Bigotry is as cruel as the Grave.—

It knows no Remorse.—From all its bitter and dire Effects, good LORD, deliver us.—But to return to the Queen—Having performed her Devotions, she departed, and went in a Coach of State, I believe, directly from the Church to her Palace, and without doubt sufficiently fatigued. For, besides walking through the Streets to the several Churches, her Majesty also, and the Princesses, had been engaged in waiting upon and washing the Feet of twelve poor Women, in as public a Manner as the King.—In our Walk home we met his Majesty with his Brother and two Uncles, attended only with a few Noblemen in black Velvet, and a few Guards without Halberts.—I suppose he was returning from his last Church, and, as one may well imagine, equally fatigued with his royal Confort and Daughters.—When Church and State thus combine to be nursing Fathers and nursing Mothers to Superstition, is it any Wonder that its Credit and Influence is so diffusive among the Populace?—O *Britain! Britain!* hadst thou but Zeal proportionable to thy Knowledge, and inward Purity adequate to the Simplicity of thy external Worship, in what a happy and god-like Situation wouldst thou be!--Here I could weep again.—Again I leave you to guess the Cause; and if I can
 fend

send you one more Letter of a like Nature,
before we leave this Place, it is all you must
expect from,

My dear Friend,

Yours most assuredly

In our glorious Head.

LET-

L E T T E R IV.

*Lisbon, April 13, 1754.**My dear Friend,*

AFTER the News sent you in my last, I thought our *Lisbon* Correspondence would entirely have been put a Stop to.—For upon returning to my Lodgings, (as weary I believe as others that had been running from Church to Church all Day) Word was sent me, that our Ship would certainly sail next Morning.—This News, I own, was not altogether agreeable to me, because I wanted to see the Conclusion of the *Lent* Solemnities.—However, I made ready; and having dispatched my private Affairs the Over-night, was conducted very early in the Morning, by my kind Host, down to *Bellem*, where the Ship lay.—We parted.—The Wind promised to be fair; but dying away, I very eagerly went ashore once more.—But how was the Scene changed! Before, all used to be Noise and Hurry—Now, all was hushed and shut up in the most awful and profound Silence.—No Clock or Bell had been heard since Yesterday Noon, and scarce a Person
was

was to be seen in the Street all the way to *Lisbon*.----About Two in the Afternoon we got to the Place where (I had heard some Days ago) an extraordinary Scene was to be exhibited.---Can you guess what it was?---Perhaps not.---Why then I will tell you.---
" It was the Crucifixion of the Son of God,
" represented partly by dumb Images, and part-
" ly by living Persons, in a large Church be-
" longing to the Convent of St. De Beato."---
Several thousands crouded into it; some of which, as I was told, had been waiting there ever since Six in the Morning.——Through the kind Interposition and Assistance of a Protestant or two, I was not only admitted into the Church, but was very commodiously situated to view the whole Performance.
---We had not waited long before the Curtain was drawn up.---Immediately, upon a high Scaffold, hung in the Front with black Bays, and behind with silk purple Damask laced with Gold, was exhibited to our View an Image of the LORD JESUS at full Length, crowned with Thorns, and nailed on a Cross, between two Figures of like Dimensions, representing the two Thieves.---At a little Distance, on the right Hand, was placed an Image of the Virgin *Mary*, in plain long Ruffles, and a kind of Widow-weeds.---Her Veil was purple Silk, and she had a wire Glory round her Head.---At the
Foot

Foot of the Cross lay, in a mournful penfive Posture, a living Man, dressed in Woman's Cloaths, who personated *Mary Magdalen*; and not far off stood a young Man, in Imitation of the beloved Disciple.——He was dressed in a loose green silk Vesture, and Bob-wig.---His Eyes were fixed on the Cross, and his two Hands a little extended.——On each Side, near the Front of the Stage, stood two Centinels in Buff, with formidable Caps and long Beards; and directly in the Front stood another yet more formidable, with a large Target in his Hand.---We may suppose him to be the *Roman* Centurion.---To complete the Scene, from behind the purple Hangings came out about twenty little purple-vested winged Boys, two by two, each bearing a lighted Wax-taper in his Hand, and a crimson and gold Cap on his Head.---At their Entrance upon the Stage they gently bowed their Heads to the Spectators, then kneeled and made Obeysance, first to the Image on the Cross, and then to that of the Virgin *Mary*.——When risen, they bowed to each other, and then took their respective Places over-against one another, on Steps assigned for them at the Front of the Stage.---Opposite to this, at a few Yards distance, stood a black Friar, in a Pulpit hung in Mourning.---For a while he paused, and then, breaking Silence, gradually lifted up his Voice till it

was extended to a pretty high Pitch, though I think scarce high enough for so large an Auditory.---After he had proceeded in his Discourse about a Quarter of an Hour, a confused Noise was heard near the front great Door; and, upon turning my Head, I saw four long-bearded Men; two of which carried a Ladder on their Shoulders, and after them followed two more with large gilt Dishes in their Hands, full of Linen, Spices, &c.—These (as I imagined) were the Representatives of *Nicodemus* and *Joseph of Arimathea*.---On a Signal given from the Pulpit, they advanced towards the Steps of the Scaffold.---But upon their very first attempting to mount it, at the watchful Centurion's Nod, the observant Soldiers made a Pass at them, and presented the Points of their Javelins directly to their Breasts.---They are repulsed.---Upon this a Letter from *Pilate* is produced.---The Centurion reads it, shakes his Head, and, with Looks that bespoke a forced Compliance, beckons to the Centinels to withdraw their Arms.--Leave being thus obtained, they ascend; and having paid their Homage, by kneeling first to the Image on the Cross, and then to the Virgin *Mary*, they retired to the Back of the Stage.---Still the Preacher continued declaiming, or rather (as was said) explaining the mournful Scene.---*Magdalen* persists in wringing her Hands,

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and

and variously expressing her personated Sorrow; whilst *John* (seemingly regardless of all besides) stood gazing on the crucified Figure. ---By this time it was near Three o'Clock, and therefore proper for the Scene to begin to close.---The Ladders are ascended, the Superscription and Crown of Thorns taken off, long white Rollers put round the Arms of the Image, and then the Nails knocked out which fastened the Hands and Feet.---Here *Mary Magdalen* looks most languishing, and *John*, if possible, stands more Thunder-struck than before.---The Orator lifts up his Voice, and almost all the Hearers expressed Concern by weeping, beating their Breasts, and smiting their Cheeks.---At length the Body is gently let down.---*Magdalen* eyes it, and, gradually rising, receives the Feet into her wide-spread Handkerchief; whilst *John*, (who hitherto stood motionless like a Statue) as the Body came nearer the Ground, with an Eagerness that bespoke the intense Affection of a sympathizing Friend, runs towards the Cross, seizes the upper Part of it into his clasping Arms, and, with his disguised Fellow-mourner, helps to bear it away.---And here the Play should end, was I not afraid you would be angry with me if I did not give you an Account of the last Act, by telling you what became of the Corps after it was taken down.---Great Preparations
were

were made for its Interment.--It was wrapped in Linen and Spices, &c. and being laid upon a Bier richly hung, was afterwards carried round the Church-yard in grand Proceſſion. ---The Image of the Virgin *Mary* was chief Mourner, and *John* and *Magdalen*, with a whole Troop of Friars with Wax Tapers in their Hands, followed after. Determined to ſee the whole, I waited its Return, and in about a Quarter of an Hour the Corps was brought in, and depoſited in an open Sepulchre prepared for the Purpoſe; but not before a Prieſt, accompanied by ſeveral of the ſame Order in ſplendid Veſtments, had perſumed it with Incenſe, ſung to and kneeled before it.---*John* and *Magdalen* attended the Obſequies; but the Image of the Virgin *Mary* was carried away and placed upon the Front of the Stage, in order to be kiſſ'd, adored, and worſhipped by the People.---This I ſaw them do with the utmoſt Eagerneſs and Reverence.---And thus ended this *Good Friday's* Tragi-comical, ſuperſtitious, idolatrous *Droll*.---A *Droll*, which whiſt I ſaw, as well as now whiſt I am deſcribing it, excited in me a high Indignation.---Surely thought I, whiſt attending on ſuch a Scene of mock Devotion, if ever, now is the dear Lord Jeſus crucified afreſh; and I could then, and even now, think of no other Plea for the poor beguiled Devotees, than

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that

that which suffering Innocence put up himself for his Enemies, when actually hanging upon the Cross, viz. "*Father, forgive them, for they know not what they do.*"—There was but one thing wanting to raise one's Resentment to the highest Pitch, and that was for one of the Soldiers to have pierc'd the Side of the Image upon the Cross.—This in all Probability you have heard hath actually been done in other Places, and with a little more Art, might, I think, have been performed here.—Doubtless it would have afforded the Preacher as good, if not a better Opportunity of working upon the Passions of his Auditory, than the taking down the Superscription and Crown of Thorns, and wiping the Head with a blooded Cloth, and afterwards exposing it to the View of the People; all which I saw done before the Body was let down.—But alas! my dear Friend, how mean is that Eloquence, and how entirely destitute of the Demonstration of the Spirit, and of a divine Power, must that Oratory necessarily be, that stands in need of such a Train of superstitious Pageantry to render it impressive!—Think you, my dear Friend, that the Apostle *Paul* used or needed any such Artifices to excite the Passions of the People of *Galatia*? Amongst whom, as he himself informs us, *Jesus Christ was crucified, and evidently set forth.*

---But thus it is, and thus it will be, when Simplicity and Spirituality are banish'd from our religious Offices, and Artifice and Idolatry seated in their Room.---I am well aware that the *Romanists* deny the Charge of Idolatry; but after having seen what I have seen this Day, as well as at sundry other Times since my Arrival here, I cannot help thinking but a Person must be capable of making more than metaphysical Distinctions, and deal in very abstract Ideas indeed, fairly to evade the Charge.---If *weighed in the Balance of the Sanctuary*, I am positive the Scale must turn on the Protestant Side.---But such a Balance these poor People are not permitted to make use of! Doth not your Heart bleed for them? Mine doth I am sure, and I believe would do so more and more, was I to stay longer, and see what they call their Hallelujah and grand Devotions on *Easter* Day.---But that Scene is denied me.---The Wind is fair, and I must away.---Follow me with your Prayers, and believe me to be,

My dear Friend,

Yours most affectionately,

In our Common Redeemer.

But this is, and thus it will be, when
Grievous and Spiritual are banished from
our religious Offices, and Advice and In-
struction cease in their Rooms.—I am well
aware that the Remedy is, how the Church is
to be saved; but after having seen what I have

thinking, but a Person would be capable of
making more than metaphorical Discourses,
and deal in very abstract Ideas indeed, rather
to evade the Point, than to settle it in the

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PANION. By George Whitefield.**

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must away.—Follow me with your Prayers,
and believe me to be,

My dear Friend,

Yours most affectionately,

In our Common Testament.

